Arc, Then Ile leave you: you are a Beaſt now:
Pal. As thou makſt me, Traytour. (fumes
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and ſhirts, and, per-
Ile come againe ſome two howres hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all,
Pal. A Sword and Armour.
Arc. Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you ſhall want nought;
Pal. Sir ha:
Arc. Ile heare no more. *Exit.*
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. *Exit.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iaylors daughter.*

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:
The Sun has ſeene my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the ſea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak ſprung, a ſound one, how they cry?
Vpon her before the winde, you'l looſe all els:
Vp with a courſe or two, and take about Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone: I am very hungry.
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
A Carecke of a Cockle ſhell, and ſayle
By eaſt and North Eaſt to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is truſt up in a trice
To morrow morning, Ile ſay never a word.

Sing. *For ile cut my greene coat, a foote above my knee,*
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,
He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride
And ile goe ſeeke him, throw the world that is ſo wide
hey nonny, nonny, nonny,

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breaſt
Againſt

Againſt. I ſhall ſleepe like a To
Scæna 6. *Enter a Schoole*
Baum. 2. or 3 *wenche*
Sch Fy, fy, what tediosity, &
have my Rudiments bin labour
ye, and by a figure even the vo
my underſtanding laid upon y
and how, & wherfore? you mo
jave Iudgements, have I ſaide
and then let be, and no man
medius fidius, ye are all dun
Here the Duke comes, there are
Duke appeares, I meete him
things, and many figures, he he
then cries rare, and I goe forw
up; marke there; then do you a
Bore break comly out before
ſelves in a Body decently, and
turne Boyes.
1. And ſweetly we will doe
2. Draw up the Company,
3. Why *Timothy*.
Tab. Here my mad boyes, h
Sch. But I ſay where's their v
4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudl*
2. And little *Luce* with the
1. And freckeled *Nel*; that
Sch. Wher be your Ribands
And carry it ſweetly, and deli
And now and then a fauour, a
Nel. Let us alone Sir.
Sch. Wher's the reſt o'th M
3. Diſperſd as you comman
Sch. Couple then
And ſee what's wanting; wher
My friend, carry your taile with
Or ſcandall to the Ladies; and
You tumble with audacity, an
G

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